

T H E
MUSICAL CENTURY,
I N
One Hundred *ENGLISH*
B A L L A D S,
O N

Various SUBJECTS and OCCASIONS;

A D A P T E D

To several Characters and Incidents in HUMAN LIFE.

A N D C A L C U L A T E D

For Innocent CONVERSATION, MIRTH, and INSTRUCTION.

T H E

W O R D S and M U S I C K of the whole W O R K,

By *H E N R Y C A R E Y*.

Jam opus exegi.

V O L. II. Containing the last Fifty.



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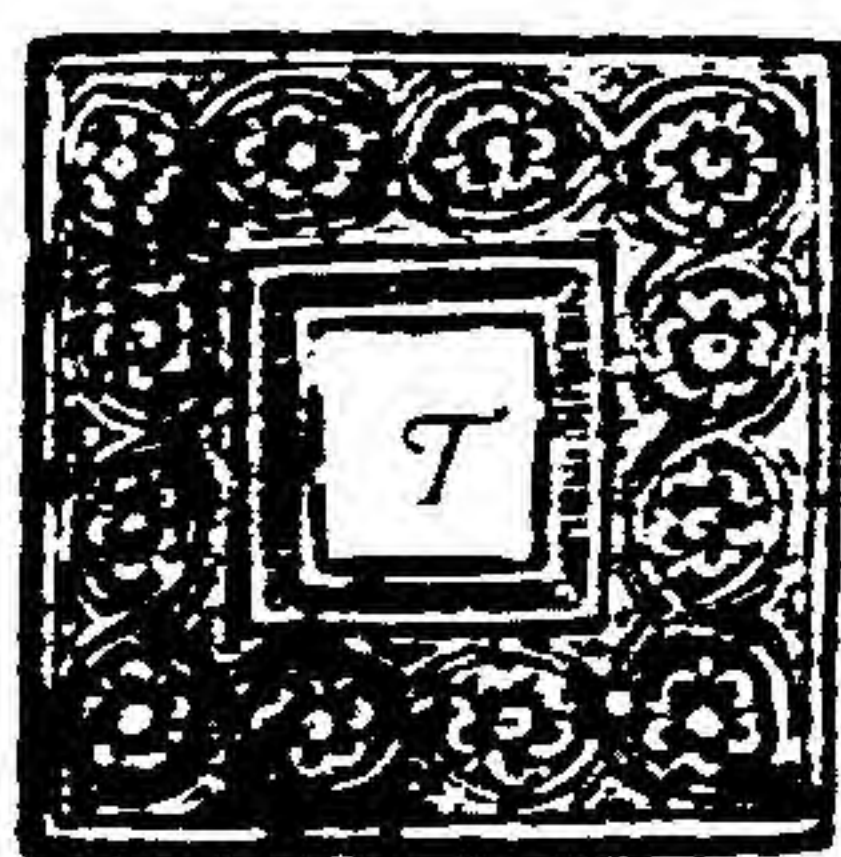
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Parliament.



T H E

P R E F A C E.



THE first eight Paragraphs in the former Volume may serve likewise for an Introduction to This. All that can be added is, once more to beg Pardon of my Subscribers for deferring the Publication of this Second Volume thus long ; and to assure them it was not through Indolence, but by unexpected and unavoidable Incidents, too many, and I hope now too needless to be particulariz'd ; since the Book appears to speak for itself.

To make amends for this Delay, I have endeavour'd not only to make good, but even to exceed every Article in my Proposals ; that of Time only excepted, which I hope will be excused.

I had some Thoughts of giving the Reader a Detail of this Work ; how, and in what manner I have taken the Liberty to borrow from myself ; transmuted Words to Tunes, and Tunes to Words ; what Hints I have taken from my Musical Cards, and other of my former Compositions ; how I have improv'd them ; what Basses I have added ; what amended ; what single Songs made into two Parts ; what Plates destroy'd ; and what new ones, at a very great Expence, plac'd in their Stead : But as this wou'd savour too much of Egotism, and is no general Topic, I leave it to the Speculation of the Curious, who I believe will find on Examination, I have spared nothing in my poor Power to render the Whole not only as Cheap, but also as Compleat and Useful as possible.

Nothing now remains but to return my humblest and most sincere Thanks to those Honourable and Worthy Persons, whose Names adorn my List, and give a Sanction to my Labours ; should they have the good Fortune to please, I shall no longer deem them Labours, but Pleasures.

H. C A R E Y.

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A
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The Musical Hodge Podge.

An Old Woman clothed in grey, whose Daughter was charming & young, her
Senses are all gone astray, e'er since Farinel-li has sung.

Son qual na ve. Son qual nave ch'agitata da piu scogli in
mezzo all'onde si confonde si confonde e spaventa
ta va folcando in alto mar

sooner comes up a Country Clown, with his Leather Breeches to London Town, but he
goes to the Opera and pays his Crown, for sente il Fato il Fato che gia
fisso lo Bea-to lo Giocondo Flocks are sporting, Doves are courting

while sweet Senesino sings Fortunate peccorelle Pasciollette semplicette vaghi fiori

molle Erbette Lane L'altri vaghi e Belle senza inganni senza affanni nella vita e

nel amor nella vita e nel amor No Place like Norfolk for Pudding & Dumpling

No Place like London for Frolick & Fun. Kent is y^e Place for a Codling or Crumpling, Stepneys y^e

Place for a cake or a Bun. But of all the Songsters in the Land, there's none like

Fa-ri-nelli He'll make your Heart to jump and start and caper in your Belly

Your Men of Arts may brag of Parts, they're all a Pack of Minnies. He shows most

Sense who gets most Pence and pockets all the Guineas.

The Encouragement.

3

Ah Sil-ly, Bashful, tim'rous Swain, In Love you're but a Dunce: No
longer languish and complain, but speak your Mind at once. She'll
miff and she'll tiff and she'll seem to deny, but sure as she pouts, flings
flourishes & flouts, so surely she'll comply, so surely she'll comply

2

How much alas is he perplex'd,
Who's in a Woman's Pow'r:
He's ever tortur'd, ever vex'd,
And ne'er at Peace an Hour.
He's frolick, he's stupid, he's merry, he's sad,
One Moment she'll please
Another she'll tease,
And make the poor Soul stark mad.
And make the poor Soul stark mad.

Flute.

A Touch on the Times

4

A Merry Land by this Light, we Laugh at our own undoing. and

Labour with all our Might, for Slavery and ruin. New factions we

daily raise, new Maxims we're ever instilling, and him that to

day we Praise, to Morrow's a Rogue & a Villain.

The cunning Politician,
Whose aim is to gull the People,
Begins his Cant of Sedition,
With Folks have a care of the Steeple.
The Populace this Alarms,
They bluster, they bounce, & they vapour,
The Nations up in Arms,
And the Devil begins to caper.

The Statesmen rail at each other,
And tickle the Mob with a Story,
They make a most Horrible Pother,
Of National Int'rest and Glory,
Their Hearts they are bitter as Gall,
Tho' their Tongues are sweeter than Honey,
They don't care a Figg for us all,
But only to finger our Money.

FLUTE.

If my Friend be an honest Lad,
I never ask his Religion;
Distinctions make us all mad,
And ought to be had in Derision.
They Christen us Tories and Whigs,
When the best of em both is an Evil,
But we'll be no Party Prigs,
Let such Godfathers go to the D—l.

Too long have they had their Ends,
In setting us one against t'other,
And sowing such strife among Friends,
That Brother hated Brother.
But we'll for the future be wise,
Grow sociable, honest and hearty,
We'll all their Arts despise,
And laugh at the Name of a Party.

The Beau's Lamentation for y^e Loss of Farrinelli.

As saunt'ring I rang'd in the Park all a-lone A sparkish ybung Fellow was

making his Moan, Oh he cry'd like a Child that had newly been whipt, And

wou'd he had rather at Hazard been stript for his dear Far-ri-nel-li was

flown into Spain, and he never should hear the sweet Creature a-gain.

Come never lament for a singer said I,
 Let English Performers his Absence supply.
 There's Beard & there's Salway & smart Kitty Clive,
 The pleasantest merriest Mortal alive.
 Let's go to the Dragon good company's there,
 There's Margry & Maury & signor Laquerre.

Oh talk not of horrible English said he,
 I tell you Italians the Language for me,
 'Tis better than Latin, 'tis better than Greek,
 'Tis what all our Nobles & Gentry should speak,
 Plain English may serve for y^e Lit or y^e Clown,
 But not at the Elegant End of the Town.

Fly Heidegger fly, and my Idol restore,
 O let me but hear y^e Enchanter once more,
 For Handel may study & study in vain,
 While Strada's expel'd & my Broschi's in Spain,
 For oh his sweet Warble so highly I prize,
 Give him to my Ears, I'll surrender my Eyes.

A curse upon Silver, a curse upon Gold,
 That could not my favourite Songster withhold,
 'Tis Gold that has tempted him over to Spain,
 'Tis nothing but Gold can allure him again,
 Let's pay y^e 7 hundred & 7 hundred more,
 May 7 times 7 Thousand & 10 times 10 Score,

Adieu Caffarelli, Chimenti likewise,
 Whom Parties at Hickford's extol to the Skies,
 Adieu Covent Garden, adieu Drury Lane,
 I never will darken a Playhouse again,
 Without Farrinelli the Opra must fall,
 So I'll fling up my Ticket & not pay y^e call.

Flute.

A Cure for Love.

5

Alone by a lonely Willow, Poor Damon sighing lay, the Grass was his
only Pillow, Alack and well a day. I came with my Flask and I
ask'd him to drink, had it been a whole Cask he'd have drank it I
think, he danc'd and he sung, and he caper'd like mad, and he vow'd he'd have
more if more could be had, and he vow'd he'd have more, if more could be had

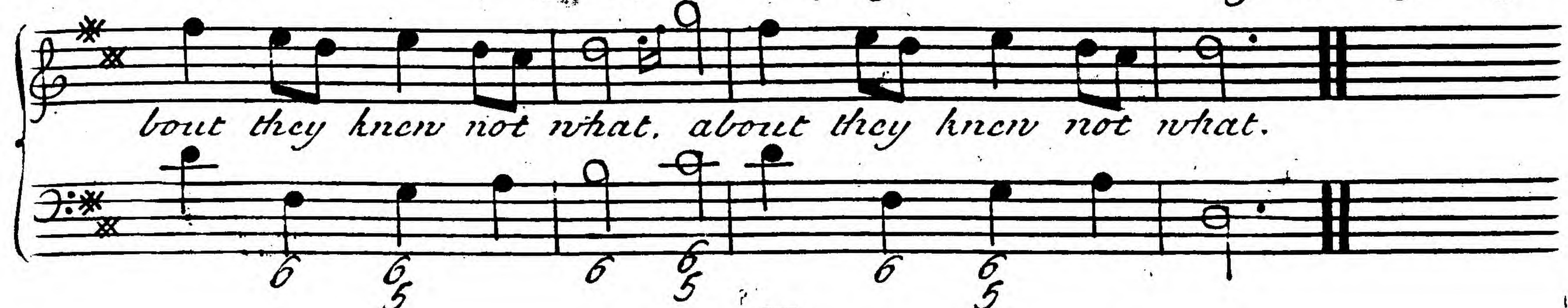
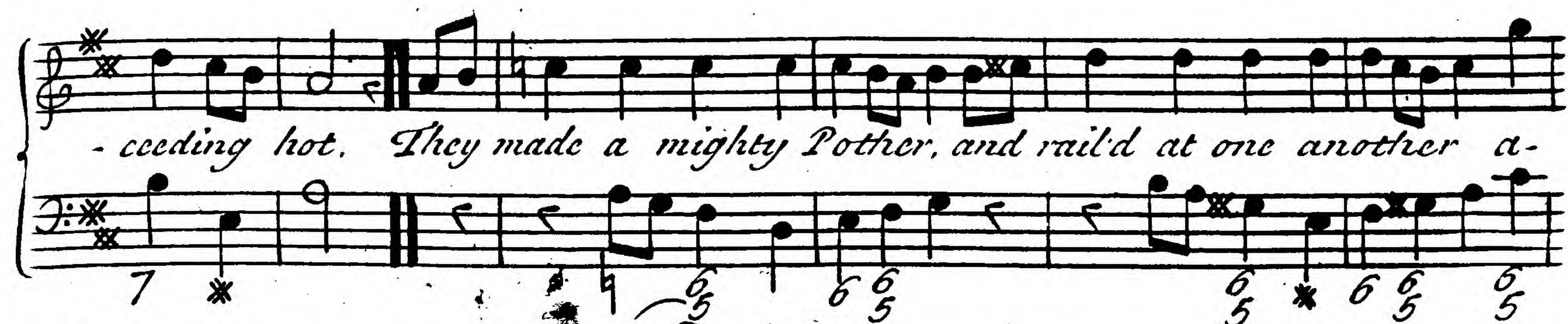
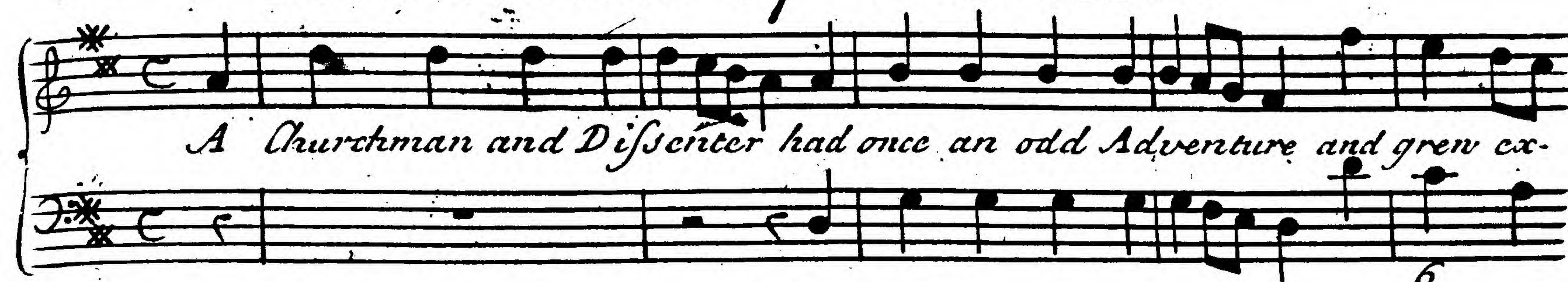
But Celia with Charms surrounded,
Came tripping it o'er the Plain,
The Shepherd afresh was wounded,
And all undone again.

He call'd her his Goddess, She call'd him an Ass,
I ply'd him again with a cherishing Glass,
He laugh'd at her Scorn, and her Pow'r he defy'd,
And he vow'd his dear Flask should alone be his Bride.
And he vow'd his dear Flask should alone be his Bride.

Flute.

The Union of Parties.

7



2
But when they came to cooling,
And leave off Party fooling,
They found they'd been to blame:
Like Christian and like Brother,
They look'd at one another,
For each Man meant the same,
For each &c.

3
That Names of Whig and Tory,
Were all an Idle Story,
A Statesman's Artfull Snare;
Invented to divide us,
But with a View to ride us,
And then the Cash to share
And then &c.

4
That Trade and Navigation,
Those Bulwarks of the Nation,
We shou'd with Life defend:
And not with tame Subjection,
Be subject to Inspection,
Or to proud Spaniards bend.
Or to &c.

5
So Reconciliation,
Succeeded Disputation,
Both being in one Mind,
To make their Hearts the lighter,
They made their Cheeks the brighter,
And in this Health they join'd.
And in &c.

A Protestant Succession,
Without the least Oppression,
In Church or yet in State.
Oh may our Faith's Defender,
Increase the Nation's Splendor,
And make us truly great,
And make &c.

Flute.



Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1740.

The True Tarr.

8

A Knave's a Knave, tho' ne'er so brave, tho' Diamonds round him shine, what
tho' he's great, takes mighty State, and thinks himself divine his ill got
Wealth, can't give him Health, or future Ills prevent, an honest Tarr is
Richer far if he enjoys Content.

2

A Soul sincere,
Scorns Fraud or Fear,
Within its self secure,
For Vice will blast,
But Virtue last,
While Truth and Time endure.
Blow high blow low,
Frown Fate or Foe,
He scorns to tack about,
But to his Trust,
Is strictly just,
And nobly stems it out.

Flute.

A Soul sincere,
Scorns Fraud or Fear,
Within its self secure,
For Vice will blast,
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While Truth and Time endure.
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He scorns to tack about,
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Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

The Effects of Gaming.

A Curse on Cards, a curse on Dice, A curse on ga - ming cursed Vice;

It wastes our Time, it wastes our Wealth, and is the modish Way of Stealth

Where Gaming spreads its fatal Gloom,
There Mirth & Musick fly the Room.
While Rage & Discord take their Place,
And Falschood fleers in c'ery Face.

In Pleasures Men may be profuse,
And for each failing find excuse;
While Gaming has no other End,
But Ruin of your Self or Friend.

A Two Part Song.

A pretty Country Lass As she tript it o'er the

Grafs, In a round Ear'd Cap gave my Heart such a Rap, I fell down

slap, I fell down slap. If e'er upon the Grafs, I catch this

Country Lass I'll make her rue the Day, she stole my Heart a-

way, and Heart for Heart before we part. She shall re-pay.

way, and Heart for Heart before we part. She shall re-pay.

Sung by M.^{rs} Clive at y^e Theatre Royal.¹⁰

Blab not what you ought to smother Honour's Laws should sacred be

boasting Favours from another, ne'er will Favour gain with me, ne'er will

Favour gain with me but inspir'd with In-dig-nation, sooner I'd lead

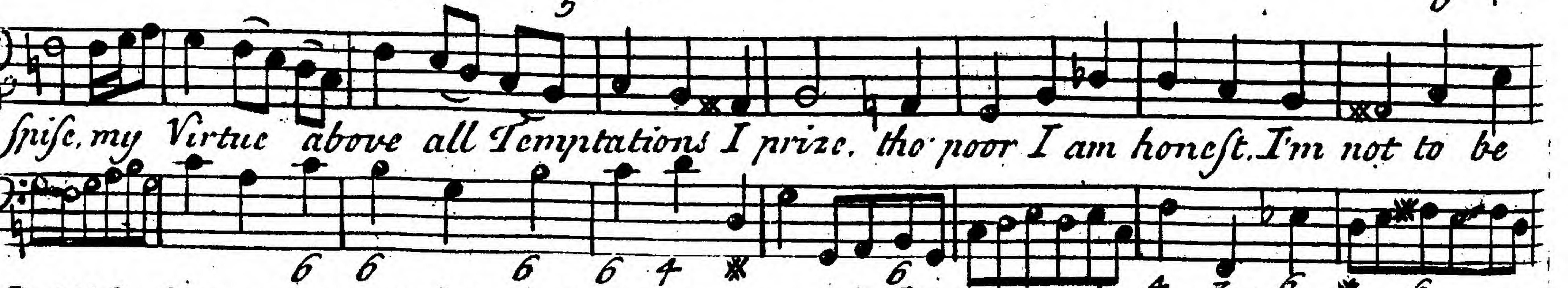
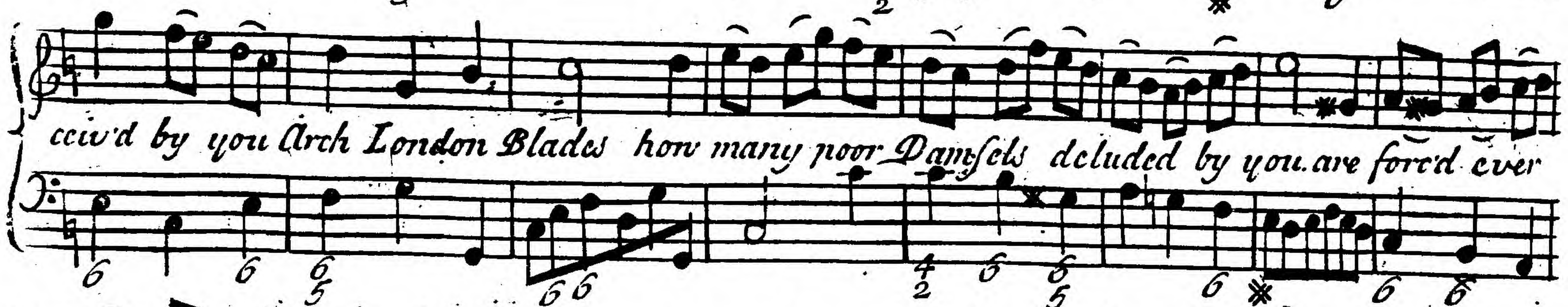
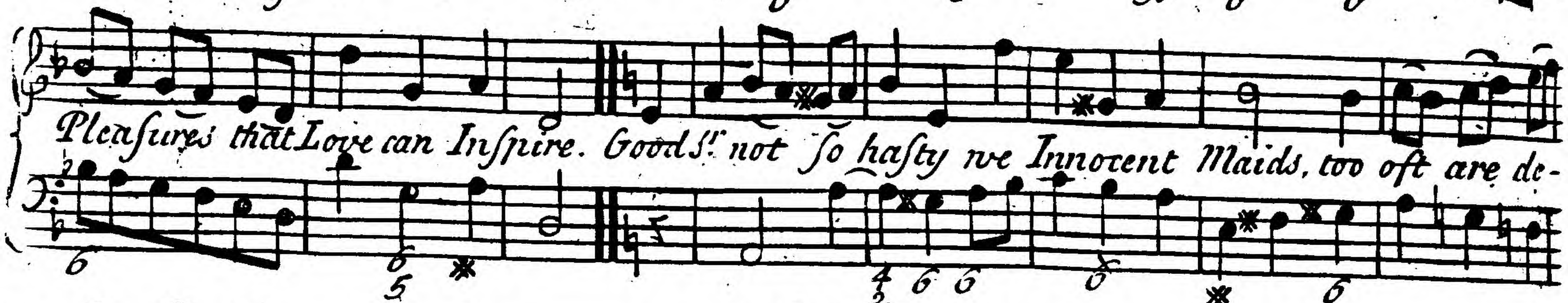
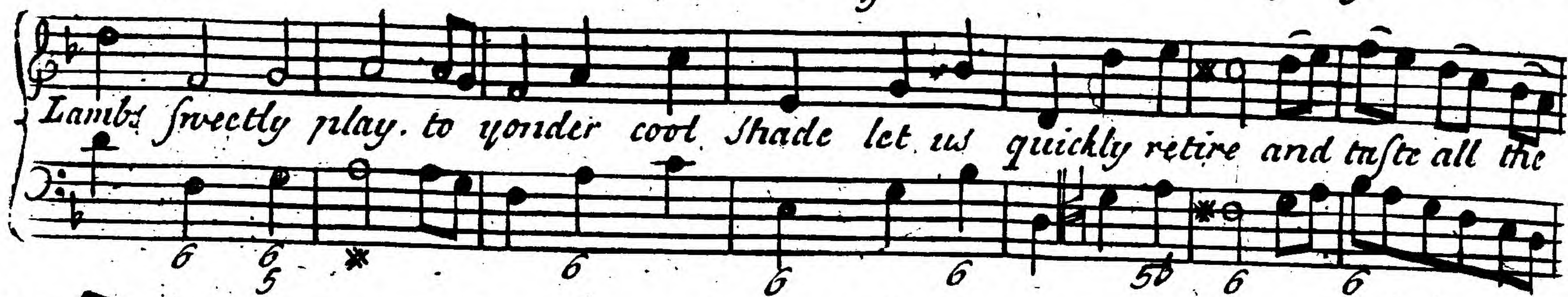
Apes in Hell, E'er I'd trust my Re-pu-ta-tion, with such Fools as

kiss and tell, with such Fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
 Never should the same reveal,
 He whom Beauty crowns with Pleasure,
 Cautious should his Joy conceal,
 Cautious should his Joy conceal.
 Him with whom my Heart I'll venture,
 Shall my Fame from Censure save:
 One where Truth and Prudence centre,
 And as secret as the Grave,
 And as secret as the Grave.

Flute.

A Dialogue in Imitation of M^r. H. Purcell.
Between a Town Spark and a Country Lass.
Sung by M^r. Salway and M^{rs}. Clive at the Theatre Royal.



Sold so pray take away both your Self and your Gold. I'll take thee to London and
 deck thee so Fine, that thou shalt the greatest of Ladies outshine and ride in thy
 Coach to the Park and the Play all glitt'ring with Diamonds out sparkling the Day No
 I abhor such a scandalous Life. I'll be no Mortal's Miss but some Honest Man's Wife
 pray I'll return. to the Place whence you came, for I'll never buy my Pride at the
 Price of my Fame. I love thee so dearly I'll not be deny'd. thy Virtue so charms me I'll
 make thee my Bride. then come my dear Angel in Wedlock let's joyn. I long till I
 make thee Eternally mine. Then I'll I assure you your Love shan't be

Slow
 Published according to Act of Parliament 1740. *Volci subit*

lost, what I want in my Portion I'll spare in my lost, your Intrest your Pleasure I'll

closely attend & save many Pounds which your London Wives spend. I'll drink not, I'll

game not, I'll wear no fine Cloaths, to squander your Wealth & decoy the Town Beaux, but

love you for ever and prove all my Life, a Constant, Affectionate Dutiful Wife.

Chorus

I hasten I hasten to fill thy fond Arms, No Wealth no Possessions can

O hasten to fill my fond Arms, No Wealth no Possessions can

equal thy Charms, Let Libertines live to repent while we prove,

equal thy Charms, Let Libertines live to repent while we prove, No Pleasure so

No Pleasure so lasting as Virtuow's Love.

lasting, no Pleasure so lasting as Virtuow's Love.

Published according to Act of Parliament.

The Tantaliz'd Lover.

15

Cru-el Charmer tell me why, You'd not let me live or dye

first your Smiles they give me Joy, then your Frowns my Hopes de-

stroy, when you see my Ra-ging pain, out of Sport you smile a-

gain, out of Sport you smile again.

2

*Thus with a Tyrannick Art,
 You torment my bleeding Heart,
 Taking Pleasure in my Grief,
 Yet affording no Relief.
 O pronounce my Doom outright,
 And in Pity kill me quite.
 And in Pity kill me quite.*

Flute

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1740.

The Refiners of Mankind.

25

Charming Tea, enchanting Liquor, makes dear Scandal flow the
quicker, Po - lish - es the rough by Na - ture, to the
Prude it lends keen Sa - tyr. Helps poli - test Con - ver -
sation, and gives Glory to a Nation.

2

Sword and Sceptre, Mace and Mitre,
Can they pass their Time politer,
Than in Parties at Quadrille,
Basto punto and Spadille,
These refine and make Men civil,
Vulgar Cribbage is the Devil.

Flute.

The Jolly Bacchanals

tr
Come all ye Jol -

ly Bacchanals, that Love to Tope good Wine, let us

Offer up a Hogs-head, unto our Masters Shrine, our Masters Shrine: Then

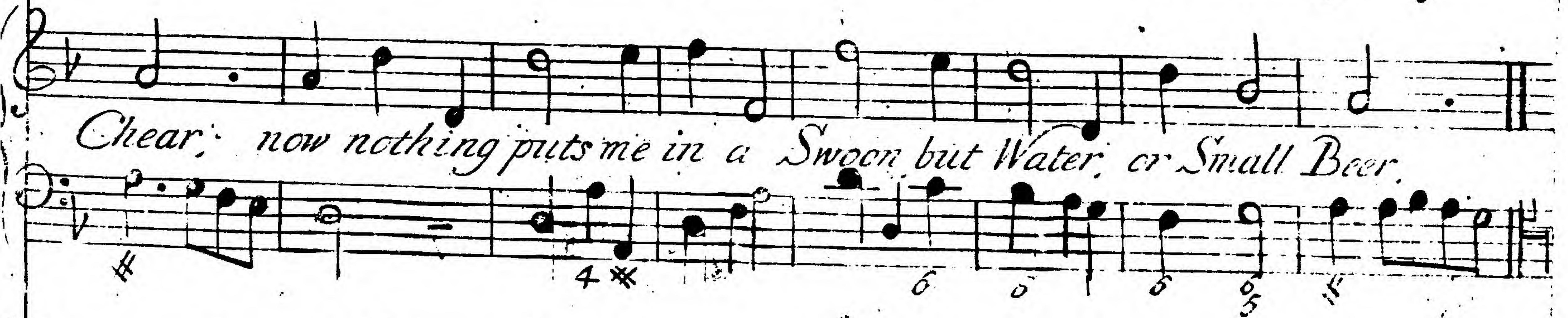
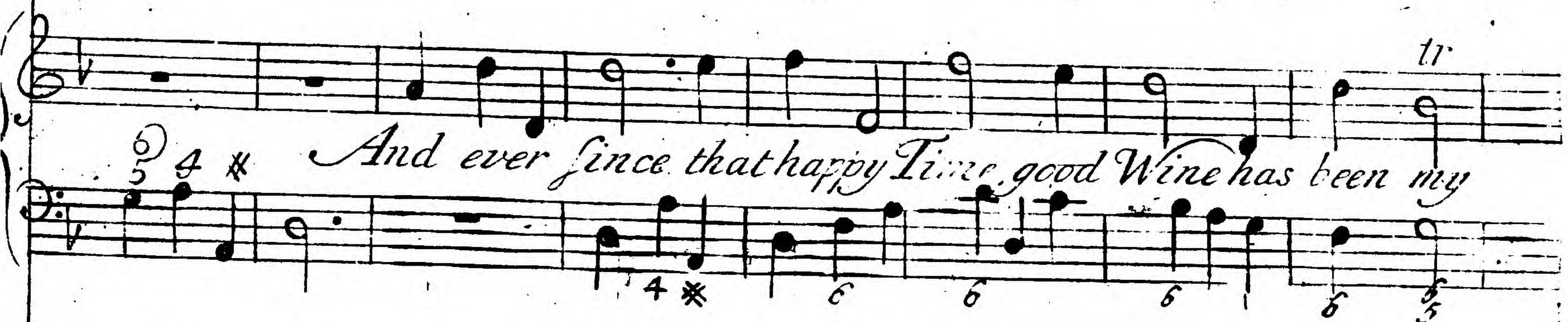
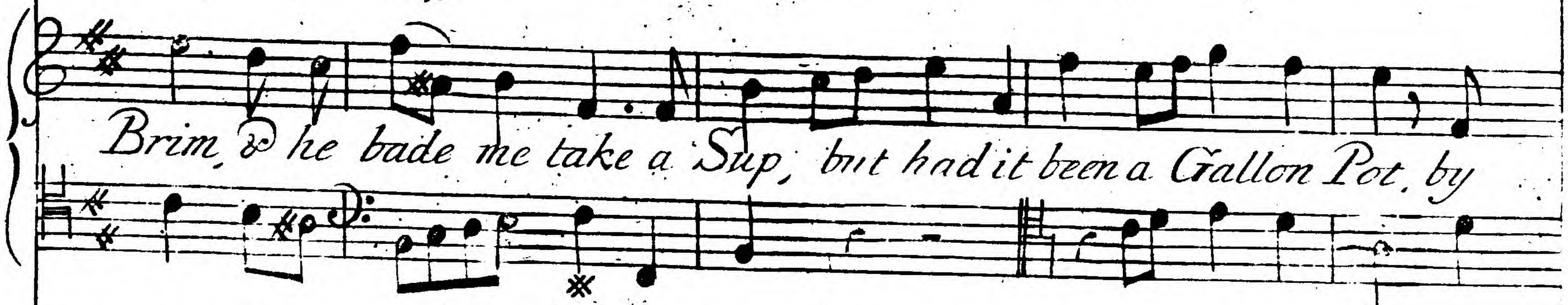
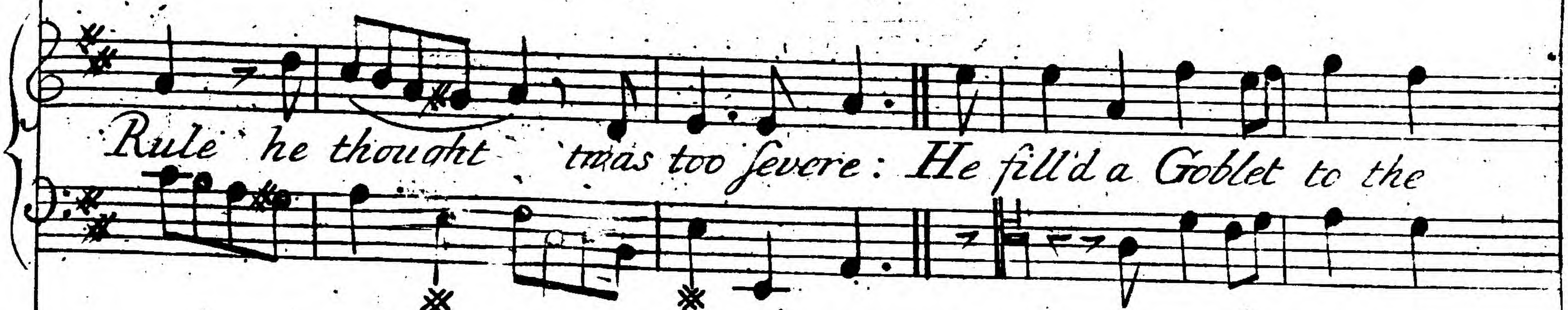
let us Drink, & never Shrink for I'll tell you the Reason why: 'tis a

Great Sin, a Great Sin, to Leave a House till we've Dra

Piu Largo

nk the Cellar Dry: In Times of old I was a

Fool. I dran k the Water clear, but Bacchus took me from that



The Queen of Spades. A Burlesque Opera Song.

Allegro

Fairest of Jades thou art so smart thou art so

smart, thou art so smart. Thine Eyes like Spades dig out my Heart, dig

out my Heart, dig ou- - - - - t, dig

out my Heart. Sym. All?

Thou shalt be Queen of all the Pack, let me . . . but

be, let me . . . but be thy Darling Jack, let me but be . . . thy

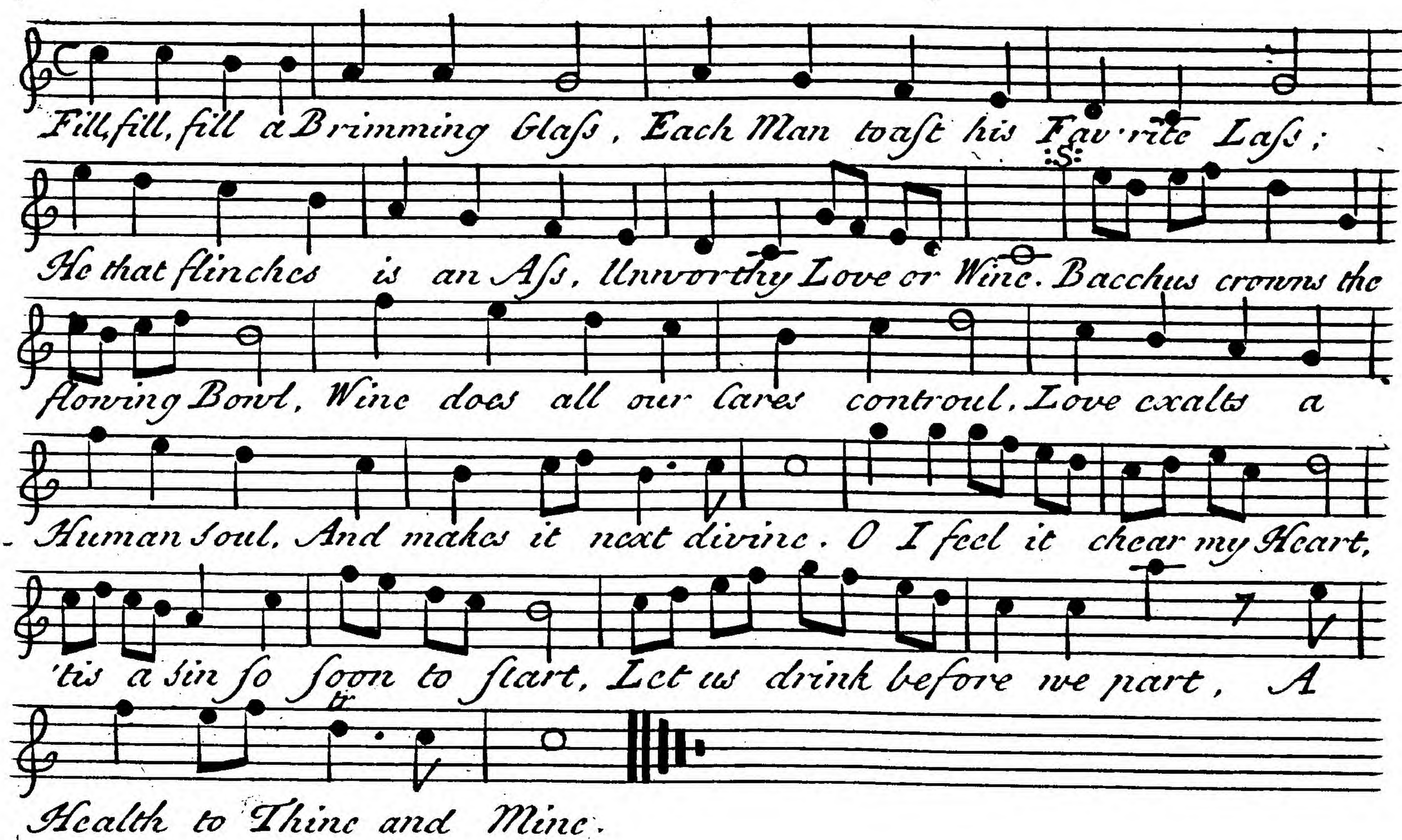
Darling Jack.

Other words to the same tune .

Fly oh fly the fatal Fair Oh fly oh fly the fatal fair
By my Distress ye Swains beware ye swains beware
Beware — ye Swains beware
None are safe but those who fly for if you gaze for if you gaze
You surely Die for if you gaze you surely die


A Catch for Three Voices.

20



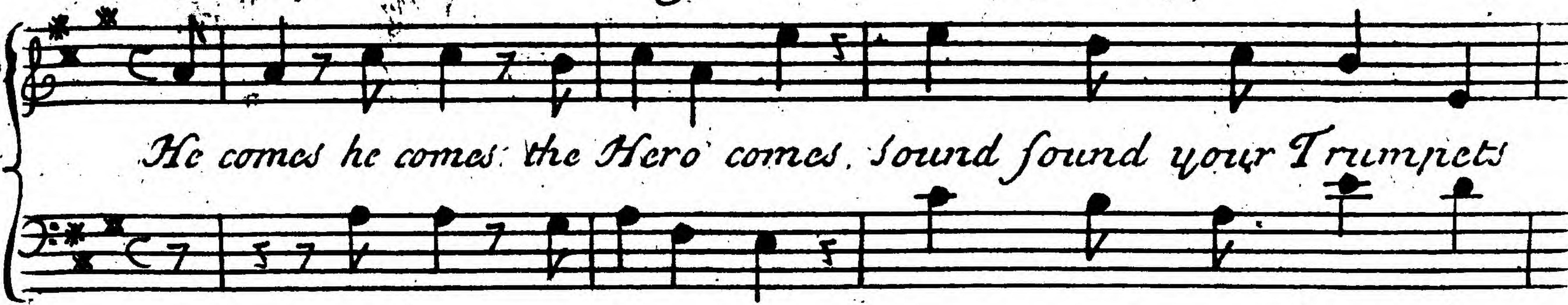
Fill, fill, fill a Brimming Glas, Each Man toast his Fav'rite Lass;
He that flinches is an Ass, Unworthy Love or Wine. Bacchus crowns the
flowing Bowl, Wine does all our cares controul, Love exalts a
Human Soul, And makes it next divine. O I feel it chear my Heart,
'tis a sin so soon to start, Let us drink before we part, A
Health to Thine and Mine.

Flute



Published according to Act of Parliament. 1740

A Two part Song in Britannia - 21



He comes he comes the Hero comes, sound sound your Trumpets

He comes the Hero comes, sound sound your Trumpets



beat beat your Drums, From Port to Port let Cannons roar his

beat beat your Drums, From Port to Port let Cannons roar his



Welcome to the British Shoar. Welcome, Welcome, Welcome.

Welcome to the British Shoar. Welcome



Welcome, Welcome to the British Shoar.

Welcome, Welcome to the British Shoar.

2

*Prepare prepare your Songs prepare,
Loud loudly rend the Ecchoing Air.
From Pole to Pole, your Joys resound.
For Virtue is with Glory crown'd.
Virtue, Virtue, Virtue, Virtue,
Virtue is with Glory crown'd.*

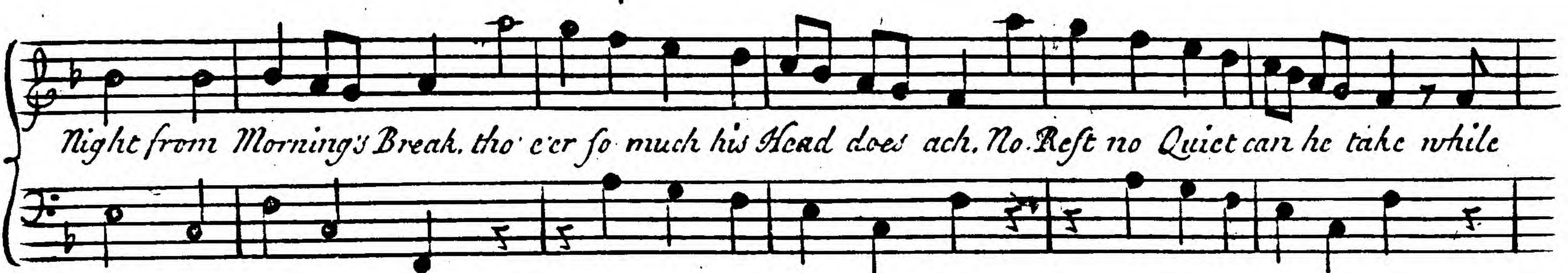
Flute.



Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

Morning Cries or y^e Comon Disturbers.²²

Sung by M.^r Salway.



2
How contented on the Grass,
Sits the happy Country Lass,
While all the Day
Her Lambkins play.
How sweet her Moments pass.
How sweet &c.

How much unlike the Courtly Dame,
Just come from Masquerade or Game,
Tho' e'er so much her Head does ach,
No Rest no Quiet can she take..
While sweep &c (as above)
Disturbs her Sleep.
And hee... ps her half awake.

Sung by Master Hamilton in Britannia. ²³



Il.

lustrious Pair by Heav'n design'd the Pride & Pleasure of Mankind. Nature your

Vir-tues does approve, and bids the lifeless Statues move & bids the

lifeless Statues move. See see they seem to breathe & live and

to your Loves their Plaudit give.

2

Come tune your Pipes ye jovial Swains,
And fill the Air with chearfull Strains.
Trip trip ye Nymphs the Circle round,
And light as Zephyrs touch the Ground, & Light &c
Sing sing and dance, rejoyce and play,
Tis fair Britannia's Nuptial Day.

Flute



3y

So

tr

tr

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

The Prude Demolish'd. a Dialogue

24

She

He

I will not bear it, I do declare it. I will call out if you're so rude. Madam I

know it. Your Looks they show it. I plainly see that you're a Prude.

She

A Prude, what then Sir.

I scorn such Men Sir.

Pray leave me to my Self alone.

He

Sweet pretty Creature.

Compose that Feature.

Prudes ne'er cry out but when they're blown.

The Languishing Lover.

I sigh, I languish, yet hide my Anguish, lest I offend my charming Fair.

Should I reveal it, and she not heal it, My Life must end in deep De - snair

Oh fatal Passion.
Fond Inclination.
To love where I'm forbid to tell.
Tho' I conceal it,
My Eyes reveal it,
My inmost Soul she knows too well.

Flute

St. William's Birth Day.

25



Joy awakes with y^e Festival Morn, when y^e worthiest of Mortals was
born. Let him reign y^e chief Toast of y^e Night, while we mention his Name & de-
light. So here's to his Health. Peace Pleasure & Wealth. Sur-
rounding abounding attend all his Days. Let Flatt'ers of State. Toast
only the Great. True Merit like his has most Claim to our Praise

2

Let his Consort next crown y^e full Glas,
Ever chearfully round let it pass.
By our glad Acclamations let's shew
What to Beauty and Virtue we owe.
So here's to her Health,
Peace Pleasure & Wealth
Surrounding, abounding,
Attend all her Days.
Let Flatt'ers of State,
Toast only the Great.

3

Let their Progeny next be our Toast,
Long to live their Delight & their Boast.
And Immortalize Abdy a Name,
Ever dear in the Records of Fame.
So here's to their Health,
Peace Pleasure & Wealth,
Surrounding abounding,
Attend all their Days.
Let Flatt'ers of State,
Toast only the Great.

True Merit like hers has most Claim to our Praise True Merit like theirs has most Claim to our Praise.

Flute.



*The Apotheosis of the most Noble
Edmund Sheffield Duke of Buckingham
Who Died at Rome y^e 30th Day of October 1735
And Lies Entombed in Westminster Abbey.*

Largo

Immortal Pow'rs who
Immortal Pow'rs who
ru...le a...bove a Soul sublime recieve. A Soul sublime re-
rule. a...bove a...Soul sublime recieve A Soul sublime re-
cieve. To Realms of Endless Peace and Love, while we sur-
cieve To Realms of Endless Peace and Love while
vive to gri...eve while we survive to
we survive to Gri...eve while we, while we survive to
grieve. His sacred Shade ye An...gels
grieve His Sacred Shade ye An...gels
guide to E...verlasting Rest to Everlasting Rest.
guide to E...verlasting Rest to Everlasting Rest.

While Kindred Gods with Joy and Pride, all hail Their

While Kindred Gods with Joy and Pride All

wel come Guest all hail their welcome Guest.

hail, their wel come Guest. All hail, all hail their welcome Guest.

Oh he was Nature's Wonder, All Goodness Mildness Truth.

Larghetto

Torn are our Hearts asunder to lose so sweet a Youth.

Heav'n has his Worth rewarded, with all its blissful store.

Earth has his Fame recorded, Till Time shall be no more

D.C.

Flute.

Immortal &

Oh he was &c.)

Oh he was &c.)

Oh he was &c.)

Molly's Complaint.

28



The Swain I adore has undone me,
He woo'd me untill he had won me,
He courted me sure but to shun me,
And now from his Arms am I thrown.

My Music is turn'd to lamenting,
My Triumphs to Tears and repenting,
From all humane Creatures absenting,
I wander dejected alone.

Come Death from Distraction relieve me,
Cold Earth to thy Bosome receive me,
Come thou who so basely couldst leave me,
And shed one kind Tear on my Stone.

Flute



The Fortune Hunter's mental Reservation. 29

Madam your Eyes or Diamonds shine so bright, I'm quite transported
at the dazzling sight. You have ten thousand Charms, Pounds I should
say, whose magic Force have stole my Heart a-way. In Pity then some Com-fort
to me give Pay all my Debts and keep me while I live

This musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score includes repeat signs and a final double bar line.

The Prudent Lady's open Declaration.

Sir your As-surance shines so bra-zen bright, I'm quite A-stonish'd
at the shocking sight, You've laid ten thousand Schemes sure to be-
tray, but you shall ne-ver scheme my Heart away. Nor will I Pi-ty to such
Wretches give, who on an A-pron String can stoop to live.

This musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score includes repeat signs and a final double bar line.

The Intrepid Lover. for Two Voices

30



No Diamonds are so bright, so al-luring, so alluring to the
Sight as the Eyes of the Nymph I admire.

Sight as the Eyes, as the Eyes of the Nymph I admire. I a-
dore her Cherry Cheeks and she
dore her Cherry Cheeks I a-dore her Cherry Cheeks and she
charms me when she speaks, but her Touch sets me all on Fire.

2

I can no longer bear.

But I must my Love declare my Love declare.

Base alone)

I'm resolv'd

Together)

I'm resolv'd her Intentions to know.

Base alone)

But if she proves too stout,

Together)

But if she proves too stout,

And should make too much a Rout

To the Devil she may go.

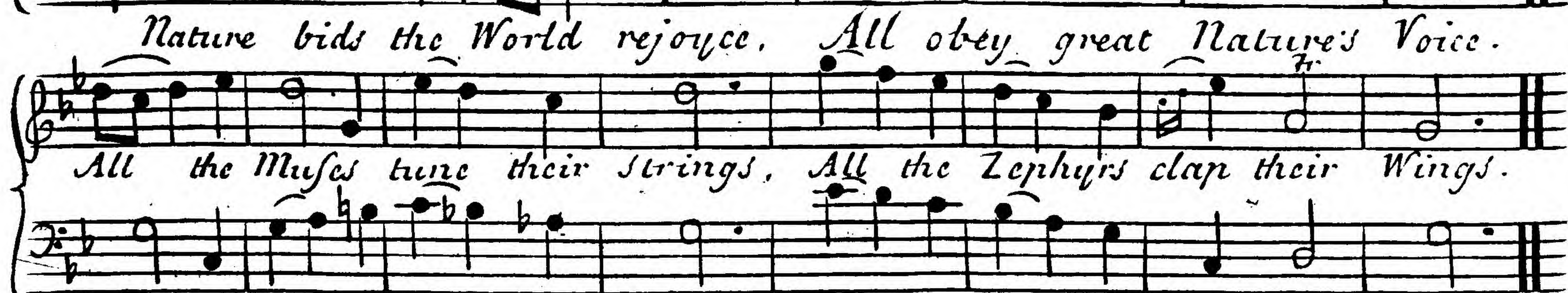
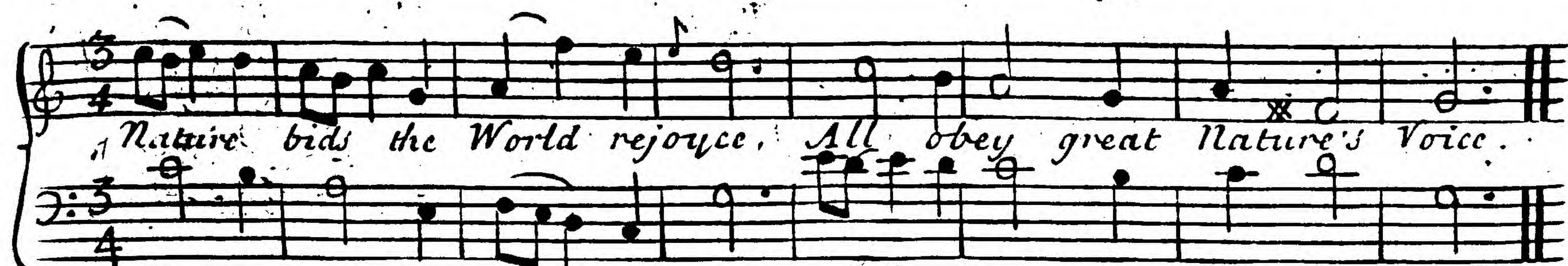
Flute.



Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

A Two part Song in Britannia.

31



'Tis the happy Nuptial Day, Nature bids the World be gay.

2

See the beauteous blooming Bride,
Nature's Glory, Virtue's Pride,
See the Bridegroom fondly trace,
Every Feature of her Face,
Beams of Pleasure & Surprize,
Sparkling in his ravish'd Eyes.

3

Fill the Air with Odours sweet,
Scatter Roses at their Feet,
Mirth in all its Pomp display,
Celebrate this happy Day,
Oh may ev'ry dear Delight,
Still more happy make the Night.

Flute



Salley in our Alley.

32

Of all the Girls that are so smart, there's none like pret-ty Salley: She is the

Darling of my Heart, & she lives in our Alley. There's neer a Lady, in y^e Land, that's half so

sweet as Salley. She is the Darling of my Heart, & she lives in our Alley.

2
Her Father he makes Cabbage Nets,
And thro' the Streets doe' cry 'em;
Her Mother she sells Laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em
But sure such Folks cou'd ne'er beget.
So sweet a Girl as Salley:
She is the Darling of my Heart.
And she lives in our Alley.

3
When she is by, I leave my Work,
I love her so sincerely:
My Master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his Belly full,
I'll bear it all for Salley;
She is the Darling of my Heart
And she lives in our Alley.

4
Of all the Days that's in the Week,
I dearly love but one Day:
And that's the Day that comes betwixt,
A Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest all in my best,
To walk abroad with Salley;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Flute

5
My Master carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed:
Because I leave him in the Lurch,
As soon as Text is named:
I leave the Church in Sermon Time,
And slink away to Salley:
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

6
When Christmass comes about again,
Oh then I shall have Money:
I'll hoard it up and Box and all,
I'll give it to my Honey.
And would it were Ten Thousand Pound,
I'd give it all to Salley:
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

7
My Master and the Neighbour all,
Make Game of me and Salley,
And (but for her) I'd better be,
A Slave and row a Galley.
But when my seven long Years are out,
O then I'll marry Salley,
O then we'll wed, & then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

Nancy. Sung by M^{rs} Lampy in *g* Parting Lovers.

Oh where will you hurry my Dear-est, say: say to what
 Clime or what Shore. You tear him from me the sin-cc-rest
 that ever lov'd Mortal before

2

Ah Cruel hard hearted to press him.
 And force the dear Youth from my Arms.
 Restore him that I may caress him.
 And shield him from future Alarms.

3

In vain you insult and deride me.
 And make but a scoff at my Woes:
 You ne'er from my Dear shall divide me.
 I'll follow where ever he goes.

4

Think not of the merciless Ocean
 My Soul any Terror can have.
 For soon as the Ship makes its Motion,
 So soon shall the Sea be my Grave.

Flute.

The Precaution in French & English 34

Taken from a French Author.



Gardez vous bien ber = gere! de vous laisser Charmer:



de vous laisser Charmer: Conservez L'art de Plaire.

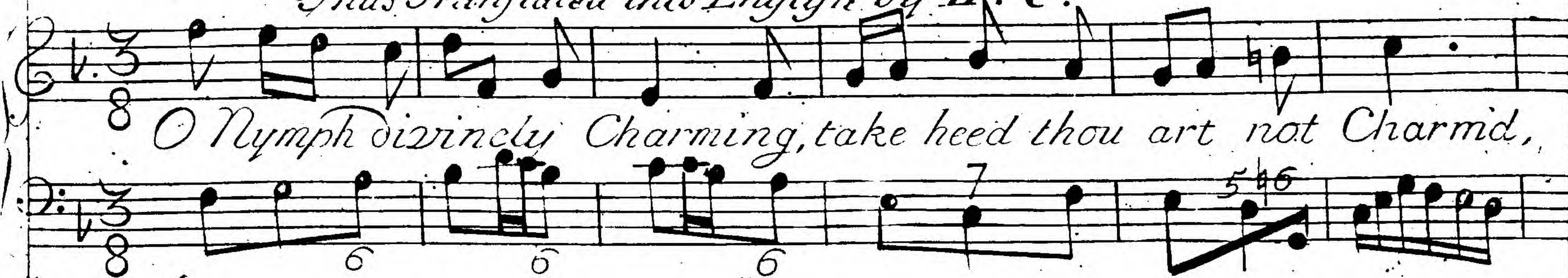


Fuyez celui d'aimer, fuyez celui D'aimer!

L'Amour est un Martire,
Lui ternit les Appas,
Lui ternit les Appas:

Souffrez que Lon soupirent,
Mais ne soupirez pas,
Mais ne soupirez pas.

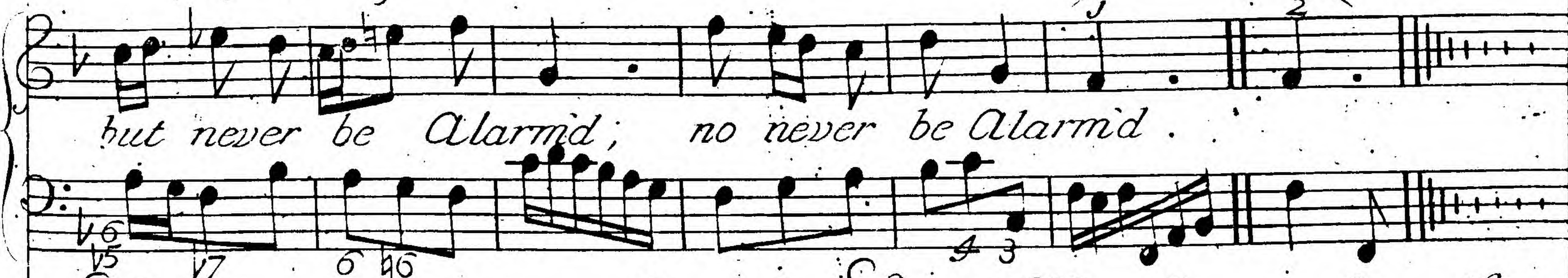
This Translated into English by H. C.



O Nymph divinely Charming, take heed thou art not Charmid,



take heed thou art not Charmid! Be still all Hearts a = larming,



but never be Alarmid; no never be Alarmid.

Love is a fatal Anguish,
Tis Youth & Beauties Bane,

Let all Men for you Languish,
But neer Regard their Pain,

Tis Youth & Beauties Bane;
Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

No neer Regard their Pain.

The Reproach.

35

Oh false ungratefull Traytor to wrong poor Ce - lia so. And
leave so sweet a Creature, to Misery, and Woe. Oh false ungratefull
false un - gratefull Traytor, to wrong poor Ce - lia so and leave so
sweet a Creature to Mi - se - ry and Woe

2

Think not the Gods forget you,
They but retard your Fate;
When Celia finds their Pity,
Then thou shalt feel their Hate.

Oh think not, think not, think not the Gods forget you
They but retard your Fate.
When Celia finds their Pity,
Then thou shalt feel their Hate.

Flute.

Cupid put to Defiance.

Obfer... ve, obfer... ve the num: ... row Stars that gra... ce the

fair expanded Shies, so ma... ny Charm: has Eld... via's Face

a thou... sand more her Eya: What Pi... ty 'tis a

Crea... ture by Nature form'd so fair, di... vine in ev... ry Fea-

ture, should give Mankind Despair. She gazes all around her and

gains a Thou... sand Hearts but Cu... pid can not wound her for

she has all his Darts for she has all his Darts

Dizari Queen of Diamonds.

37

Pray my La-dy why this Fluster, true your Diamonds give a Lustre

But that frightful Frosty Face. Does your gau-

dy Dress disgrace Queen of Diamonds you may be but the

Queen of Hearts for me, Beauties Charms are far more bright, than

all this false and gla- ring Light.

2

'Tis not Jewels, 'tis not Riches,
Which the Gen'rous Soul bewitches,
Nature's Graces void of Art,
Sooner can ensna-re the Heart.
Let poor sordid worldly Elves,
Keep their Mammon to themselves,
Give me Beauty, give me Youth,
Adorn'd with Love and las-ting Truth.

Flute.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

*The True Topers, Sung by M.^r Leveridge M.^r Laquerre M.^r Salway
M.^r Roberts & M.^r Benckraft, at y^e Theatre Royal Covent Garden.*

1st Toper

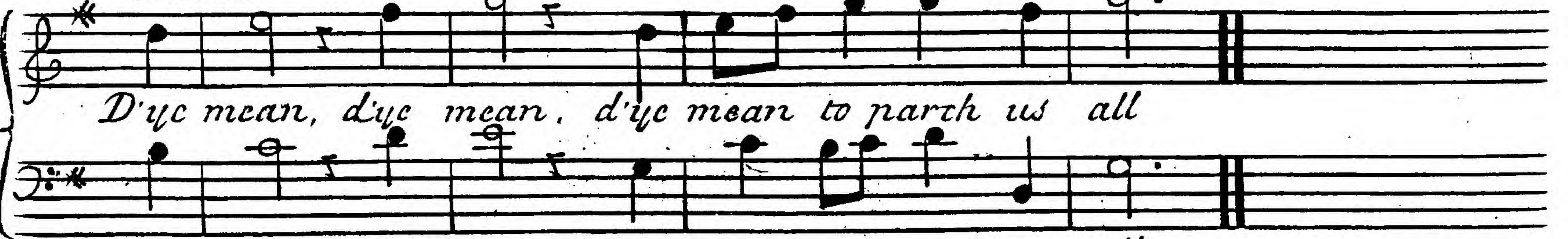
2^d Toper

Vintner,

3^d Toper



Chorus



D'ye mean, d'ye mean, d'ye mean to parch us all.

Vintner, Why Gentlemen the Wine you seal'd is drank out ev'ry Flask.

1st Toper Then down into the Cellar Boys and there let's broach a Cask.

Cho: And there &c.

2^d Toper Thou to each Mouth shalt pierce a Hole, while we kneel down & suck.

3^d Toper Oh what a Consort there will be Of Gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck, gluck.

Cho: Of Gluck &c.

M.^r Salway kneeling to the Cask.



To All the Toper.

2^d Toper Oh Heavenly Nectar Juice Divine, stint Sneakers to their Flask,

3^d Toper We scorn a Thimble full of Wine, while we can drain a Cask.

Cho: While we &c.



The Edaircissement.

39

Say why should I, my Love deny, And still conceal my Pain, Or whine
and pine, or whine and pine, or whine and pine, or whine &
pine & Peace resign to Coldness and Disdain. If in your Heart I have no
Part, and there's for me no Room. Say ay, or no. Say ay, or no, Say
ay or no, Say ay or no that I may go, and know at once my Doom. D.C.

The bashful Fool,
His Heels may cool,
And cringe with Cap in Hand,
While he that's bold,
While he that's bold,
While he that's bold,
While he that's bold,
Defies the Cold,
And puts her to a Stand.

The Girl that's wise,
Secures one Prize,
And blest in that remains,
Coquets they try,
Coquets they try,
Coquets they try,
Coquets they try,
At all to fly,
Yet scarce one Conquest gain.

Flute.

The Inexorable

40

She whom above my Self I prize, does me above all
Men despise. My faithful Passion is so great. Nothing ex -
ceeds it but her Hate, Nothing exceeds it but her Hate.

2

*Must I Ye Gods for ever love,
 Must she for ever cruel prove,
 Must all my Torment, all my Grief,
 Meet no Compassion, no Relief.
 Meet no &c.*

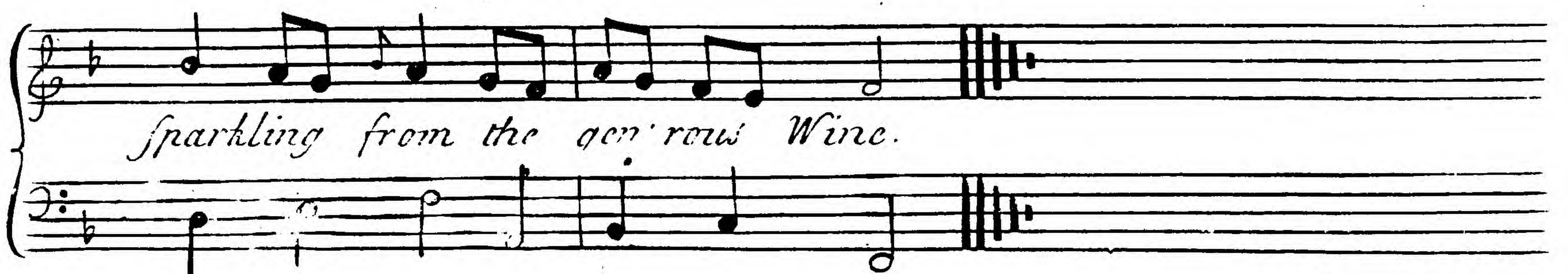
3

*Charmer my final Sentence give,
 Let me not in this Anguish live;
 But sweetly smile and ease my Pain,
 Or frown and kill me with Disdain.
 Or frown &c.*

Flute.

A Drinking Song

41



2

When the Nymph is Coy and Cold,
And puts on a scornful Air;
Bacchus makes the Lover bold,
Courage ever gains the Fair.
While the Fool who wastes his Time,
Trifling o'er Insipid Tea:
Ne'er can aim at Things sublime,
Till he freely drinks like Me.

Flute.



Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

12 *A Burlesque Song for Two Voices.*

Thou hast such Eyes my pretty Fubs, Thou hast such Eyes my pretty Fubs

that there is no withstanding no withstand - - ing Thou surely art the

Queen of Clubs, thou surely art the Queen of Clubs thy Looks are so, com-

manding thy looks are so commanding, thy Looks are so command - - -

ing. Then be less killing or more kind, then be less killing

or more kind my Souls Delight my Charmer my Charm - - er Or Cupid

soon shall strike thee blind, Or Cupid soon shall strike thee blind, and take a-

way thine Armour & take away thine Armour and take away thine Ar - - -

thine Armour thine Armour and take away thine Ar - - -

Flute

mour

mour

The Prude A Song for Two Voices.

The Squamish Prude will say you're rude, speak but a Word amiss, yet

will say you're rude, speak but a Word amiss, yet

in the Dark, when with her Spark, most eagerly she'll kiss. The

in the Dark, when with her Spark, most eagerly she'll kiss. The

Drury Crew, she'll far outdo, when she throws off Restraint, yet in Publick

Drury Crew, she'll far outdo, when she throws off Restraint, yet in Publick

so precise, is this Devil in Disguise, You'd take her for a Saint.

so precise is this Devil in Disguise, You'd take her for a Saint.

Flute

The Effeminate.

44



Tell me gentle Hobby de hoy, Art thou Girl or art thou Boy,
 tell me gentle Hobby de hoy, Art thou Girl, or art thou Boy.
 for thy Features and thy Dress, such Contraries do express, I
 stand amaz'd, and at a Loss to know, to what new Species
 thou thy Form dost owe.

2

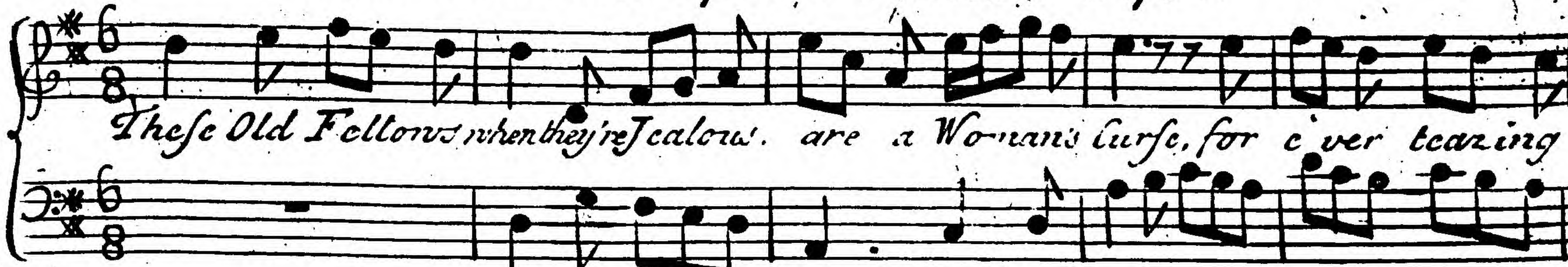
By thy Hair tuck'd up behind,
 Thou shouldst be of Woman kind.
 By thy Hair tuck'd up behind,
 Thou shouldst be of Woman kind.
 Yet no Woman thou canst be,
 For no Petticoats we see.
 Then to what Sex alas hast thou a Claim,
 Who'rt Either, Neither, yet to both a Shame.

3

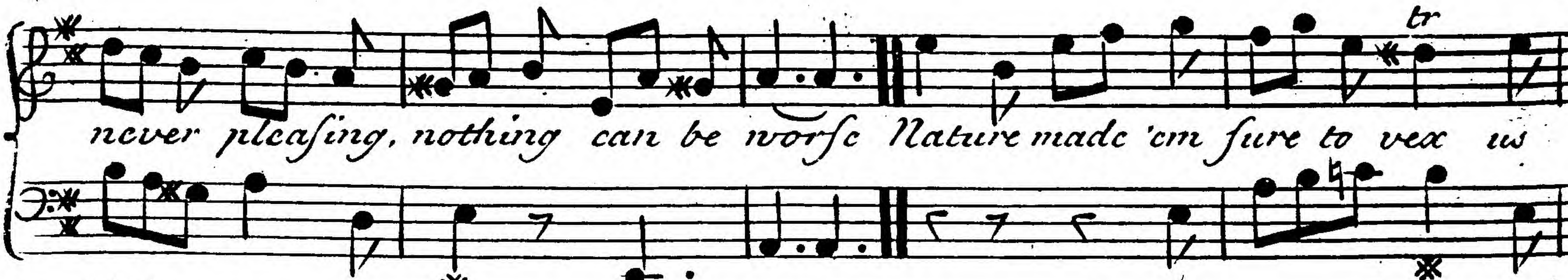
If thou art a Man, forbear,
 Thus this Motly Garb to wear;
 If thou art a Man, forbear,
 Thus this Motly Garb to wear.
 Let thy Dress thy Sex impart,
 And appear like what thou art.
 Like what thou art, oh no, pray pardon me,
 I mean, appear like what you ought to be.

Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

Sung by M^{rs} Clive at the Theatre Royal. 45
In the Character of the Wanton Wife.



These Old Fellows when they're Jealous. are a Woman's Curse, for e' ver tearing



never pleasing, nothing can be worse Nature made 'em sure to vex us



to torment us and perplex us, full of Satyr, and Ill Nature, to their Passion



blind, for now we're bid, anon we're chid, they never know their Mind.



what a Pi-ty, Damsels pretty, shoud be so confin'd.

*Tho' we're virtuous,
 If we're Courteous,
 Forward we're esteem'd.
 Or if reserv'd,
 Tho' undeserv'd.
 We then are sullen deem'd.
 Kept for ever in Subjection,
 To Reproaches and Reflection.*

*Contradiction,
 And Restriction,
 Endless Noise and Strife.
 'Tis wond'rous hard,
 To be debar'd,
 Of ev'ry Joy in Life.
 Happy never,
 Plagu'd for ever,
 Whether Maid or Wife.*

Flute.



Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

Polly's Birth Day.

40



2

Within her Face,
Shines ev'ry Grace
Can give Beholders Pleasure,
Her Heav'n born Mind,
Is most refin'd
'Tis Truth & Virtue's Treasure,
Of all approv'd,
By all belov'd,
Most Noble is her Spirit,
So he's an Ass,
That baulks his Glass,
To so much Worth and Merit.

Flute.



Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

True-Blue and Nancy.
Sung by M^r Salway & M^{rs} Lampe at y^e Theatre Royal Gr^o Garden.

The musical score is written in a system of ten staves, organized into five pairs. Each pair consists of a treble clef staff (top) and a bass clef staff (bottom). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and ornaments. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the treble staves. The score is divided into sections by the characters 'He' and 'She'. The lyrics are: 'To be ga-zing on those Charms, to be fol-ded in those Arms', 'To u-nite my Lips with those, whence eter-nal Sweetness flows', 'to be lov'd by one so fair is to be ble-ss'd beyond Compare', 'On my Dear-est to re-cline, While his Hand is lock'd in mine', 'In those Eyes my self I view gazing still and still on you', and 'In thy Arms while thus I'm blest. Of e'ry Jo-y I am posses'd'. The score ends with a double bar line and a final chord.

He
To be ga-zing on those Charms, to be fol-ded in those Arms
To u-nite my Lips with those, whence eter-nal Sweetness flows
to be lov'd by one so fair is to be ble-ss'd beyond Compare

She
On my Dear-est to re-cline, While his Hand is lock'd in mine
In those Eyes my self I view gazing still and still on you
In thy Arms while thus I'm blest. Of e'ry Jo-y I am posses'd

Duello in Britannia: Sung by Miss Chambers & Miss Jones. ⁴³

The piano introduction consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the right and left hands, both in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line is in the left hand, primarily using quarter and eighth notes. The next two staves continue the melody and bass line, ending with a double bar line.

Britannia
Germanicus

Two vocal staves. The top staff is for 'Britannia' and the bottom for 'Germanicus'. Both are in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics for 'Britannia' are 'Transporting Sight Caeles . . . tial Pleasure'. The lyrics for 'Germanicus' are 'My Soul's De-'. The music features various note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes.

Two vocal staves with lyrics. The top staff has the lyrics 'my Soul's Delight, my only Treasure My'. The bottom staff has the lyrics 'light my on - - ly Treasure My Soul's Delight my only Treasure My'. The music includes various note values and rests.

Two vocal staves with lyrics and trills. The top staff has the lyrics 'Soul's Delight my Soul's Delight, my Soul's Delight my only Treasure.' and includes a trill (tr) above the final note. The bottom staff has the lyrics 'Soul's Delight my Soul's Delight, my Soul's Delight my only Treasure.' and also includes a trill (tr) above the final note. The music features various note values and rests.

2^d Verse { Brit. How great the Bliss. Germ: How sweet the Kiss. Both: While I enfold thee. Now sweet &c. &c. &c.

Piano accompaniment for the 2nd verse. It consists of two staves. The top staff is for the right hand and the bottom for the left hand. The time signature is 2/4 and the key signature is one sharp. The music features various note values and rests.

Flauto 1^{mo}
Flauto 2^{do}

Two flute staves. The top staff is for Flauto 1^{mo} and the bottom for Flauto 2^{do}. Both are in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The music features various note values and rests, including trills (tr) above some notes.

The Welcome in Britannia.

49

For two Voices

May ev'ry Joy attend

Welcome to Britain Godlike Youth. May ev'ry Joy attend

thee. and all the

thee The Royal Fair reward thy Truth, and all the

Gods befriend thee.

Gods befriend thee.

2

Neptune has safely brought thee o'er.

See Venus haste to meet thee;

While Gladsome Crouds from Albion's Shoar.

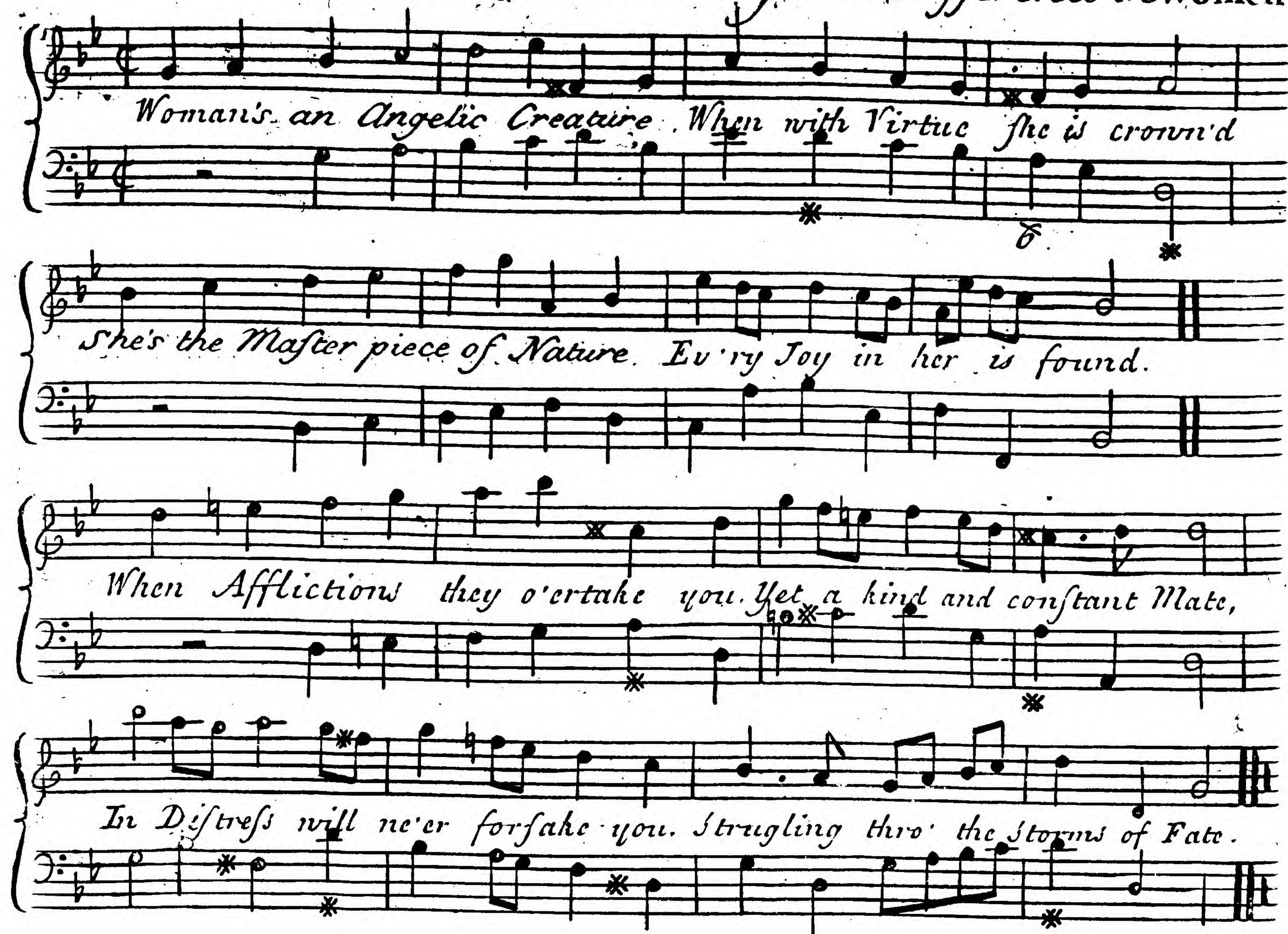
With loud Applauses greet thee.

Flauto 1^{mo}

Flauto 2^{do}

The Contrast or Difference in Women

50



Woman's an Angelic Creature. When with Virtue she is crown'd
 She's the Master piece of Nature. Ev'ry Joy in her is found.
 When Afflictions they o'ertake you. Yet a kind and constant Mate,
 In Distress will ne'er forsake you. Struggling thro' the Storms of Fate.

2

But a false deceitful Harlot,
 Who for Int'rest sake is kind;
 Fond alike of Ev'ry Varlet,
 And Inconstant as the Wind
 Tilts you till she's quite undone you,
 Then your Error's found too late;
 When she's fleec'd you then she'll shun you,
 Laughing while you curse your Fate.

Flute.



Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

A Dialogue after the Manner of Horace.
Sung by M^r Salway & M^{rs} Lampe at Theatre Royal Cov^t Garden.
In the Characters of True-Blue & Nancy.

And canst thou leave thy Nancy. And quit thy Native Shore. It
 comes in - to my Fan-cy, I ne'er shall see thee more

He
 Yes I must leave my Nancy
 To humble haughty Spain,
 Let Fear ne'er fill thy Fancy,
 For we shall meet again.

She
 Amidst the foaming Billows,
 When Thund'ring Cannons roar,
 You'll think on these green Willows,
 And wish your Self on Shore.

He
 I fear not Land or Water,
 I fear not Sword or Fire,
 For sweet Revenge and Slaughter,
 Are all that I Desire.

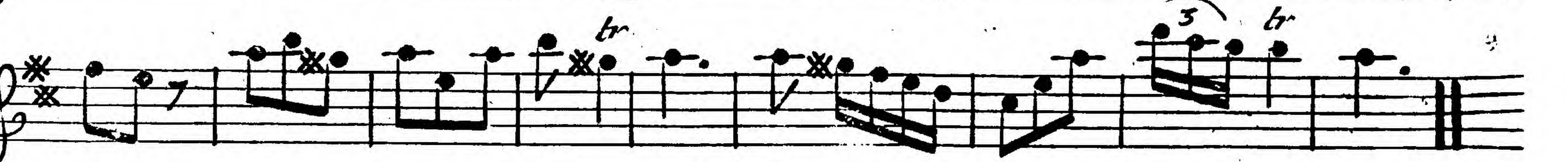
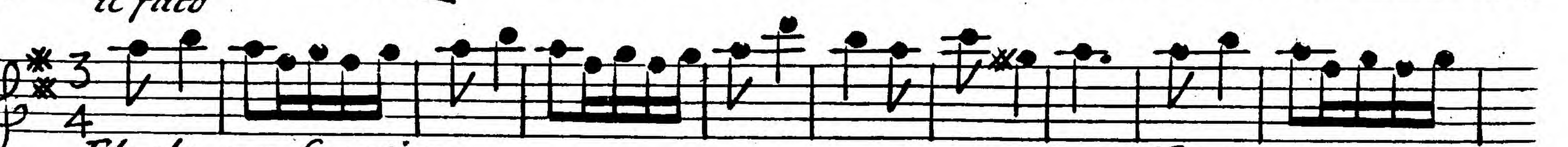
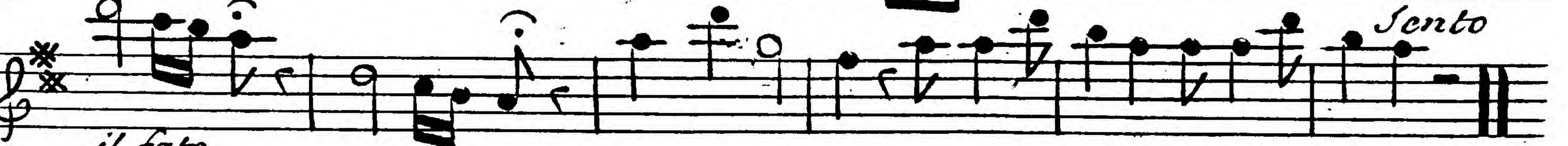
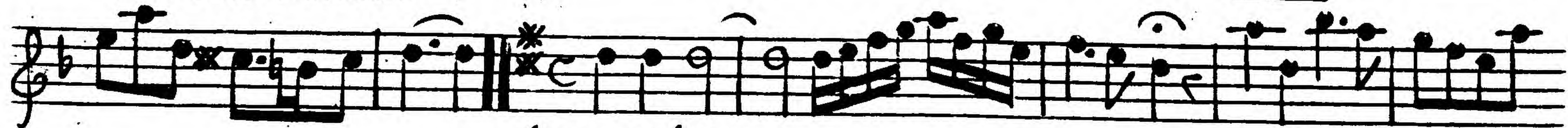
She
 May Guardian Gods protect Thee,
 From Water, Fire, or Steel,
 And may no Fears affect Thee,
 Like those which now I feel

He
 I leave to Heav'n's Protection,
 My Life my only Dear,
 You have my Soul's Affection,
 So still conclude me here.

German Flute

Common Flute

The Musical Hodge Podge For the Flute ⁵²



Come come my dear Nymph for the Flute

First Part again

First Part again

First Part again

Slow

Come all ye Jolly Bacchanals



Fairest of Jades



O Nymph divinely



Observe the Narrow Stars &c. for the Flute



Published according to Act of Parliament 1740.

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